

# The Mirror

or

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CX.]

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[Price 2d.]

## Sydney, New South Wales.



In No. XIII. of the MIRROR, we gave a view of Hobart Town in Van Dieman's Land, with an account of that thriving colony, and we now present our readers with a corresponding view of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales.

Within the last two years several works have been published relative to our Australasian possessions, which have been represented in such glowing colours, that great numbers of persons have emigrated; this in addition to the transported felons of both sexes, is rapidly increasing the population. We should, however, be sorry if these descriptions, which are somewhat overcharged, should lessen the terrors of transportation; for be it recollected that it is only to the honest and the virtuous that New South Wales presents its advantages, and that the convicts, though not treated with unnecessary severity, bear the mark of infamy during the period of their sentence, which can only be effaced by continued good conduct, and a return to the paths of virtue.

The town of Sydney, which is the seat  
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of government, and was begun on the first settlement of the colony, is situated about eight miles from the main ocean in a cove, which is one of the finest natural basins of water that can be imagined, and for safety and convenience rivals the finest work of art. It is wholly sheltered from the winds, and is so deep that vessels of the largest burthen can anchor close up to the wharf.

The houses, which are constantly on the increase, are some of them built of stone, and others of brick, generally two stories high. The principal street, which is about a mile and a half long, is called George Street. The public buildings, which are numerous and well adapted for business, have all been built during the time Major General Macquarie was governor of the colony.

Eastward of the town is an excellent promenade, three miles and a half in circumference; and at the southward extremity there is a spacious piece of land, called Hyde Park, which serves for an exercising ground, a race course, &c.

The market, which is well supplied  
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with provisions, is held three times a week.

The harbour of Port Jackson is, perhaps, exceeded by none in the world: it is navigable for vessels of any burthen for seven miles above the town, that is about fifteen miles from the main ocean. It possesses safe anchorage all the way, with numerous coves, and is capacious enough to contain all the shipping in the world. A stage coach, the first in the colony, now runs between Sydney and the town of Paramatta. The population of Sydney is about 8,000.

### ANTIQUE METALLIC VASE, FOUND IN THE BED OF THE RIVER SEVERN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As your interesting miscellany is, I believe, open to all communications which may prove interesting to those who peruse the MIRROR, the following will, no doubt, be acceptable.

There appeared in the public papers a short time since an account of a curious vessel which had been found in the bed of the river Severn, by a workman employed in the excavation for the foundation of one of the piers of the Haw bridge, on the 9th of July last—of the bridge you made mention in one of the Numbers of your work—and having since that period remained for a short time within a few minutes' walk of the place where it was discovered, I took the opportunity of examining it, and copying the figures, &c. in its interior, and have, since my return to the metropolis, had it lithographed, and herewith transmit you a copy.

Its shape is circular, its diameter is 10½ inches, and its internal depth 13-16; the thickness of the composition of which it is made, and which bears a great resemblance to bell metal, is ½ inch. In the centre of its interior is a circular compartment, which contains figures representing Scylla and the King of Megara; Scylla is represented with scissors in her hand, about to cut off a golden hair which exhaled in the head of the king, who is lying in bed asleep; and in the periphery is circumscribed the Latin, "*Scilla metens crenem mercatur crimine.*"

About this centre compartment are six other similar circular divisions. In the first of which is represented Triptolemus riding through the air on a dragon. Triptolemus was a great favourite of Ceres, and because she could not make him immortal, she taught him agriculture, in which he again was supposed to instruct mankind, &c. And in its circumference

is written, "*Triptolomi Manibus commisit seminis usus.*"

In the second is represented a flying eagle, carrying away Ganymede by the desire of Jupiter, and its circumscription is "*Armiger ecce Jovis Ganymede sustulit alia.*"

The third contains a representation of a festival of the gods, and Hebe presenting to them a cup of nectar; and the circumscribing writing is, "*Porrigat ut ciatos dis convivatibus apto.*"

In the fourth is characterized the story of Proserpine, who remained during half her life-time on earth, and half in the infernal regions; and the hexameter line about it is, "*Legibus inferni Motis Proserpina Reddi.*"

In the fifth circumscribing circle is represented the well-known story of Orpheus, who, by the melody of his lyre, so charmed Pluto in the infernal regions, that he obtained permission to rescue from hell his wife Eurydice, provided that he would walk away without once looking back; but his desire to see his wife was such, that he looked back, and by his curiosity for ever lost his beloved Eurydice. The Latin sentence is "*Eurydicen jussit sedeam mors atra reduxit.*"

And in the last the goddess of corn is represented as taking compassion on wandering mortals, which is thus described, "*Mater larga Ceres Miscrata fume pascunt.*"

Between each exterior circle is engraved a triangular figure, representing the head of a female with wings.

The stories of each of the preceding are to be found in the "*Mythological Dictionary*" of Lempriere.

Another vessel of similar form and dimensions, but having different figures engraved in the seven corresponding circles, was found previously to the one above described.

The one of which I have given a brief description is now in the possession of J. Hawkins, Esq., of the Haw, and is in a good state of preservation. And the other, which is likewise in a good condition, is in the possession of a person residing in the immediate vicinity of the new bridge.

There is no date attached to either vessel; but from the curious letters and figures engraved in these, the antiquary would be inclined to attribute the time of their being deposited in this extraordinary place to a very early date.

Many bones, with a skull, were found by the navigators employed in the new line of road; and during the time I staid there, a curious well of a small diameter was discovered in the same line. A few

coins also have been taken from the soil at some depth below the surface.

I am, Sir, &c.  
*Lincoln, Oct. 1824.* F. W.—H.

### MY NATIVE LAND!

(For the Mirror.)

My native land! my native land!  
 Now near thy coast crags high and hoar,  
 I see the surf that strikes the strand—  
 I hear its hoarse and restless roar,  
 Before the breeze we gaily scud  
 With straining stay and swollen sail,  
 And while we stir the foaming flood,  
 All hail! my native land all hail!  
 Through Afric's sands the gold ore gleams  
 On Asia's shores the diamond shines,  
 But there, beneath their sun's bright beams,  
 The black, a bondsman, pants and pines!  
 Proud parent of the fair and free,  
 O'er roaring surf and rolling swell,  
 With happy heart I look on thee,  
 All hail! my native land all hail!  
 What Briton's breast but deeply draws,  
 The breath that sighs thy shores adieu—  
 But throbs as oft a thought he throws  
 From far, on days of youth and you?  
 You! whom my heart hath sighed to see,  
 When hope was faint and health was frail,  
 How gladly now I gaze on thee  
 All hail! my native land all hail!  
 Bound on, bold bark! with powerful prow,  
 Through whitening waves that round thee  
 roar—  
 From port the pilot hails us—now—  
 Hark! hark! I hear the plunging oar,  
 The anchor drags the clanking chain—  
 The seamen furl the flapping sail,  
 Thick throngs my heart—and yet again  
 All hail! my native land all hail!

ARCHIE ALIQUIE.

### EGYPTIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE extreme idolatry of the ancient Egyptians, in paying adoration to various animals, has afforded great subject for speculation to those who have written on the history of that people. Dr. Laughton, in his *History of Ancient Egypt*, enumerates the several opinions which have been entertained respecting the origin of this practice. The most probable is, that it proceeded from a superstitious veneration for the symbols by which they expressed religious sentiments.

"Singularity and superstition (he says) were visible in every shade of the Egyptian character. They delighted to act in a peculiar manner, and were in many particulars so exceedingly indelicate, that I cannot prevail on myself to mention their singularities. With respect to their superstition, it is amazing to see the lengths they carried it, in opposition to nature and reason.

"They selected particular animals to honour with worship and adoration, and entertained for them the most intoxicated veneration. The father of historians

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says, a man would neglect his property, however valuable, when his house was in flames, through his anxiety for a cat; and another, that those who returned from distant countries, brought home with them dead cats and kites, mourning and lamenting their loss, and suffering at the same time in silence, misery, fatigue, and want. *Ælian*, a writer of reputation, says, (which almost transcends the powers of credibility) that a mother would receive the greatest joy, from seeing a crocodile devour her child, thinking herself happy in having produced a being worthy the appetite of her god.

"Many sacred animals, lodged in apartments appropriated to their use, were carefully attended and fed with the most delicious food: whenever any of them died, so general a scene of mourning overspread the country, that it seemed to have suffered some great calamity.

"To kill an ichneumon, cat, ibis, or hawk, even by accident, was unpardonable; the blood of the unfortunate offender only could atone for the crime. *Diodorus* relates a remarkable instance of their superstitious rage against a Roman, who had accidentally killed a cat.

"Superstition (says he) so totally prevailed over every faculty of their minds, that at the time when *Ptolemy* was not admitted to the friendship of the Romans, and the Egyptians universally paid the utmost deference and attention to every Roman who came amongst them, to avoid giving them the least pretence for a war; yet a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, an enraged multitude ran to his house, and notwithstanding the king sent officers to entreat them to offer no violence, and the general fear of offending the Romans, they put him to death. This I do not relate from report, but was present at the transaction; so powerfully did superstition prevail over every rational faculty and human sensation. The principle from which it sprang had nothing of the noxious quality of the production.

"The peculiar utility sheep and goats were of to society, when animal food was not abundant, and the great service the dog, hawk, ichneumon, ibis, and cat, did the country, by destroying dangerous animals, particularly asps and other serpents, whose bites were mortal, occasioned these animals to be much cherished and regarded: which partially, superstition converted by an easy transition into a sacred estimation.

"This, together with their custom of conveying ideas and sentiments of the divine attributes, elements, or heavenly bodies, by hieroglyphics or figures of

plants and animals, and applying that sacred respect and admiration to the symbols themselves, which they were only intended to indicate, gave birth to the high veneration they entertained for leeks, onions, and animals even of the vilest species, and composed a system of unparalleled idolatry, degrading to human nature."

F. R.—Y.

### ORIENTAL JEWELLERY.

THE Siangalese work in gold and silver with considerable dexterity, ease, and taste; and with means that appear very inadequate, execute articles of jewellery that would be admired certainly in this country, and not very easily imitated.—The best artist requires only the following apparatus and tools:—A low earthen pot full of chaff or saw dust, on which he makes a little charcoal fire; a small bamboo blow-pipe, about six inches long, with which he excites the fire; a short earthen tube, or nozzle, the extremity of which is placed at the bottom of the fire, and through which the artist directs the blast of the blow-pipe; two or three small crucibles made of the fine clay of ant-hills; a pair of tongs; an anvil; two or three small hammers; a file; and to conclude the list, a few small bars of iron and brass, about two inches long, differently pointed, for different kinds of work. It is astonishing what an intense little fire, more than sufficiently strong to melt silver and gold, can be kindled in a few minutes in the way just described.—Such a simple portable forge deserves to be better known. It is, perhaps, even deserving the attention of the scientific experimenter, and may be useful to him where he wishes to excite a small fire, larger than can be produced by a common blow-pipe, and he has not a forge at command. The success of this little forge, it may be necessary to state, depends a good deal on the bed of the fire being composed of combustible materials, and a very bad conductor of heat.

The smiths of Ceylon use a composition as a hone, for sharpening knives and cutting-instruments, that is worth noticing. It is made of the capitis resin and of corundum. The corundum, in a state of impalpable powder, is mixed with the resin, rendered liquid by heat, and well incorporated. The mixture is poured into a wooden mould, and its surface levelled and smoothed while it is hot; for when cold, it is extremely hard. It is much valued by the natives, and preferred by them to the best of our hones.

T. A.—N. C.

### THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE various travellers who have visited these wonderful remains of antiquity, assert, that in magnitude they far surpass any thing the imagination can conceive; nor is the surprise of the beholder, on viewing the stupendous whole, any way diminished by the appearance of the component parts, which are on a corresponding scale, and occasions wonder that human efforts could have elevated the ponderous masses of solid stone of which they are composed to so great a height, and disposed them in a regular order, unassisted, as may naturally be supposed, at that early period, by powerful machinery. The French traveller Denon, and others, have observed, that the sublime effect produced by the appearance of such immense objects is in some degree rendered less from not being placed near to others where their bulk might be estimated by comparison. This may doubtless be the case for the eye judges by comparison, as it is evident in almost every instance; and if it were possible to place St. Paul's or the Monument by the side of the pyramids, an opportunity would then be obtained of forming a correct idea of the astonishing size of these justly celebrated wonders of the world.

Those who have not been exposed to the dangers and inconveniences of a long journey through sandy deserts, infested with hordes, or ferocious plundering Arabs, may, however, be able to form a comparative idea (here at home) of the magnitude of these ancient structures from the following circumstance:—In the reign of James I. Lord Chancellor Bacon, and others, obtained a commission for laying out a new building, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the celebrated architect Inigo Jones was employed on that occasion. He is said to have taken the measurement of the base of the great Egyptian Pyramid as the size of the area of the projecting square; so that if the building covers a piece of ground of the same extent as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the mind may comprehend, in some degree, the immensity of this one monument of human labour, the height being stated as between 6 and 700 feet.

To the above account, the following is the dimensions of the great Pyramid, according to different authors:—

<i>The Height according to</i>	<i>Feet.</i>	<i>Width of one of its sides. French feet.</i>
Herodotus, is . . . . .	800	800
Strabo . . . . .	625	600
Diodorus Siculus . . . . .	600 and a fraction	700
Ptolemy . . . . .		708
Le Bruyn . . . . .	618	704
Prosper Alpinus . . . . .	625	706
Thevenot . . . . .	620	663
Nebuhr . . . . .	440	710
Greaves . . . . .	440	642

The number of layers of stone which forms it, is estimated by

Greaves, at	207	Poocke, at	212
Maillet	208	Belon	250
A. Liccassenstein	260	Thenot	208

T. A—X—C.

#### THE ALPHABET OF LIFE.

THE world's an alphabet round,  
Of trouble, full up to the letter,  
For pleasure and pain will be found,  
And mirth, intermix'd with the better,  
A, active in life first we set,  
With B we barter for gain,  
C, courage we fail not to get,  
And with D oft we deal not in vain.  
E, ease is the end we aspire,  
With F, a snug fortune in store,  
For G, gold—H, health, our desire,  
I ask for myself nothing more;  
For J, justice to all we should give,  
And K to his king act our part.  
Like a L-ion we nobly should live,  
And bear ever a gen'rous heart.  
M, money, dear money's the thing,  
Which may N-obody ever abase,  
For O his opinion to bring,  
Said 'twould ease our P's and our Q's;  
R, riches, said S, makes us smile,  
With T, truth impress on our mind,  
Nor let V-anities ever beguile,  
But U, in unity, ever be kind.  
W, Wealthy, and wise,  
As X-erxes of old, in the tale,  
And Y in years, we shall prize,  
What sad ills may oft-times assail;  
So with life thus, the alphabet ends,  
As death—cuts short our gizzard,  
And may we in life prove choice friends,  
Nor grieve at our FINALE—IZZARD.

#### THE MUSK DEER—METHOD OF OBTAINING MUSK, AMBERGRIS AND CIVET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The very extraordinary account given by one of your correspondents of the preparation of Musk, induces me to trouble you with the following remarks relative to that invaluable perfume. When genuine, it undergoes no preparation whatever, being a natural secretion peculiar to the male of the *Moschus Moschiferus*, or Musk Deer; an inhabitant of the Alpine mountains of the east of Asia, particularly those which divide Thibet from India. The length of the full grown animal scarcely ever exceeds three feet, and in height two and a half: it more nearly resembles the roe-buck than any other creature, but without horns: the ears are three inches long and erect like those of a rabbit, the head is elegant, in the forepart somewhat like that of a greyhound. The fleece is coarser than that of the stag, but very light and soft, and varying in colour at different seasons of the year, and various periods of life, chiefly from brown to nearly black; hoary underneath, and sometimes,

though rarely, white: the tail is very short not above two inches. The upper jaw is much longer than the under, and contains two tusks curved inwards, and sharp on the inner side; about two inches long, and visible when the mouth is shut. The substance of these is similar to ivory. This animal abounds in the mountainous parts before mentioned, in the extensive forests of pine trees, and displays extreme agility when pursued by the hunters, bounding from rock to rock, with the most elastic energy, and securing itself frequently by its swift progress over rugged and pointed prominences, and by reaching the most elevated and tremendous summits. It is a very fearful animal, and having long ears, the sense of hearing is so quick that it can discover an enemy at a great distance. It is used for food, which however at particular seasons of the year is extremely strong, and to those not used to it scarcely tolerable; but they are principally pursued for the sake of the musk, which is contained in an oval bag near the navel, flat on one side and convex on the other, about three inches long and two broad, projecting with a very small orifice, and beset with strong hairs. This is the musk bag, which, when the animal is killed, is cut off and dried: it is empty in the young animal, but in the adult contains a drachm and a half to two drachms of musk; proportionate to the health and age of the creature from which it is taken.

Musk is imported into England from China, in caddies, which contain from twenty to sixty and a hundred ounces each. The Thibetian is considered by far the best, but an inferior kind is brought from Bengal, and a still baser from Russia. The best is that which is in the natural follicle or pod, as it is denominated in mercantile language. The musk itself is in grains concentered together, dry, yet slightly unctuous, and free from grittiness when moistened and rubbed between the fingers. As it is a very high priced article, it is frequently adulterated by a mixture of dried blood and a little real musk, and sometimes the bag is punctured in several places, and lead, sand, and other heavy matters introduced. Musk is a most powerful and permanent perfume: and a few grains of it will yield an odour for years, without any sensible diminution in weight or power.

Ambergris (somewhat similar in its flavour to musk) is a substance found floating on the sea, near the coasts of India, Africa, and Brazil, usually in small pieces, but sometimes in masses of eighty or a hundred pounds weight.

Various opinions have been entertained concerning its origin. Some affirmed that it was the concrete juice of a tree; others thought it a bitumen; but it is now established that it is a concretion, formed in the stomach or intestines of the Physeter Macrocephalus, or Spermaceti Whale: and as it has not been found in any whales but such as are dead or sick, its production is generally supposed to be owing to disease.

Civet, another rich and highly valued perfume, is the produce of the Viverra Civetta, or Civet Cat: though bearing a greater resemblance to a fox or marten, than a cat. It is about two feet long, exclusive of the tail; it subsists on smaller quadrupeds and birds.

This animal though originally a native of the warm climates of Asia and Africa, is capable of subsisting in temperate and even cold countries; provided it is defended from the injuries of the weather, and fed with succulent nourishment. Numbers of them are kept in Holland for the sake of procuring and selling the civet which they yield. This is formed in a glandular receptacle on the abdomen of the animal, and is taken out by its keeper every other day in summer, and twice a week in winter: the quantity generally procured from each civet at a time, being about two scruples or a drachm, but varying with the state of the animal's health, and the nourishing quality of its food. It is in its original state, of a yellow colour and unctuous appearance; and is extremely pungent and indeed disagreeable in a large body. Every part of the animal is penetrated by its effluvia, and the effects of being shut up in a room with one of these creatures in a state of high irritation are nearly intolerable.

CLAVIS.

### THE SYBILS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following is extracted from an old book in my possession, published about a century back, entitled, "The new Help to Discourse," &c. (seventh edition). If you think it will prove interesting to any portion of your readers, and deem it worthy a place in your valuable columns, you will have the kindness to insert it. I am, sir, your obliged servant and constant reader,

J. W. E.

The Sybils were in number ten—that is to say—1. Persica; 2. Lybica; 3. Delphica; 4. Cumæa; 5. Samia; 6. Hellespontica; 7. Tybertina; 8. Albunea; 9. Erythea; 10. Cumana.

"The first was of Persica, (called Samberta), which, among other true prophetesses, said, *The womb of the Virgin shall be the salvation of the Gentiles.*

"The second was of Lybia. One of her prophetesses was, *The day shall come that men shall see the King of all living things.*

"The third was Themis, surnamed Delphica, because she was born and prophesied at Delphos, where was the oracle and temple of Apollo. One of her prophetesses runs thus, *A Prophet shall be born of a Virgin.*

"The fourth was Cumæa, born at Campagna, in Italy, whom Virgil mentions in his *Eneids*, who prophesied, *That God should be born of a Virgin, and converse amongst sinners.*

"The fifth was called Samia, born in the isle of Samos, which said, *He being rich, should be born of a poor Virgin; the creatures of the earth should adore him, and praise him for ever.*

"The sixth was called Hellespontica, born at Marmiso, in the territory of Troy. She prophesied, *A woman shall descend of the Jews, called Mary; and of her shall be born the Son of God, and his kingdom shall remain for ever.*

"The seventh was Tybertina, because she was born at Tyber, fifteen miles from Rome. One of her prophetesses was this, *The invisible word shall be born of a Virgin; he shall converse amongst sinners, and by them be despised.*

"The eighth was Albunea, who prophesied, *The Highest shall come from Heaven, and confirm the Council in Heaven; and a Virgin shall be sheaved in the valleys of the deserts.*

"The ninth was the famous Erythea, born in Babylon, who especially prophesied a great part of our Christian religion, in certain verses recited by Eusebius.—The first letters, of every verse, being put together, make these words, *Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.* These verses are translated into Latin, by St. Augustin, Lib. ii. c. 15. Civit. Del. where they may be read at large; and are excellently well translated by Sir John Beaumont, where they may be found amongst his poems.

The tenth was called Cumana, from the name of the place where she lived. She prophesied, *That he should come from Heaven, and reign here in poverty.*

This last Sybil is affirmed to be she who writ the nine Books of the Sybils; which were by an old woman presented to Tarquinius Superbus, demanding for them a great sum of money; which he being unwilling to pay, the old woman burnt three of them before his face,



requiring as much money for the other six; which being denied, she also burnt three more of them, asking as much for the three remaining, as for the rest; at which he being amazed, gave it. The books contained manifest prophecies of the kingdom of Christ, his name, his birth, and death. They were afterwards burned, by the arch-traitor *Stilees*; so that these prophecies now extant, are only such as are extracted out of other writings, wherein mention of them was made."

## Reminiscences.

### No. III.

LEE LEWIS.

THE agility of the late Mr. Lee Lewis the harlequin is generally known. Having played at the little theatre in the Haymarket, one evening, and being fatigued, he sent for a coach to the stage-door, and before he came down to the coach, the driver entered into conversation with the call-boy, respecting the lives and habits of the players, and concluded his inquiries by a shake of the head, and an observation, that he was afraid they were all in the broad way to destruction. At this moment Lee Lewis came down and got into the coach unperceived by the coachman. After waiting some moments, and finding that the coachman did not attempt to get up, he pushed his head out of the window and shouted, "Are you going to keep me here all night?" "*Lord have mercy upon us!*" exclaimed the coachman, "is any body in my coach?" "yes, certainly—come drive on!" "where to Sir?" "why to the Devil," (meaning the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, which then occupied the site of Child's-place, Temple-bar,) "to the devil!!! bless me what wicked people," "no coachman, drive to the—— in Drury-lane." The—— was a house built in the reign of Queen Anne with a projecting first-floor, which was perfectly accessible to Lee Lewis from the coach. Accordingly when the vehicle stopped, the first-floor window of the house being open, Lewis, with a spring, flew from the coach window into that of the house. The coachman descended and finding his fare decamped, exclaimed, "there's a pretty rascal to cheat a poor man in this way—'drive me to the devil,' indeed, if I wasn't a christian I could almost wish you there." By this time the coachman had mounted. Lewis took this opportunity to jump back again into the coach, and exclaimed, "come coachman, open

the door!" The driver previously alarmed by the mysterious conduct of the player, now heard with extreme dread the voice of his fare coming from out of the coach which he had just found empty. He therefore descended, and Lewis returned into the first-floor. The coachman opened the door—the coach was empty! He looked under the seats, and into the pockets, but no one was there. Not a word escaped his lips, and more dead than alive he crawled up on the box, anxious to be relieved from so awkward a situation. Lewis returned into the coach, and leaning his head out of the window, exclaimed, "It's a strange thing you won't let me out." "*Lord have mercy upon us!*" ejaculated the coachman, as he slid from his seat to the ground, between the horses. Lewis assisted him to rise, and finding that the man was seriously alarmed, he determined to drop the joke. "Well what's your fare?" said Lewis, "*nothing, Sir,*" said the coachman, scrambling into his seat, "I bean't to make no charge to night, Sir—master said *I wasn't to charge nobody nothing*—and so," continued he, as he drove off, eying Lewis with a very cunning look "*master devil for once I've been too deep for you.*" ††

### STEPHEN KEMBLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CVIII. of the MIRROR, you have inserted some anecdotes of Mr. Stephen Kemble, which brings to my recollection an Address which was written by him, about twenty-two years ago, when he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Sir John Falstaff; in this Address he very humorously alludes to his own unwieldiness; indeed, he was of such a size, that he needed *no stuffing*, and I believe all other persons, who have appeared in that character have been obliged to have recourse to some artificial means of making themselves appear bulky. I herewith send you a copy of the Address which was extremely well delivered by Mr. John Bannister, and for which he obtained great applause. I remain, Sir,

Your constant reader, W. F.

### ADDRESS

Written by Mr. Stephen Kemble, and Spoken by Mr. John Bannister.

A FALSTAFF here to night, by Nature made,  
Lends to your favourite hard his *pond'rous* aid;  
No man in buckram he!—no stuffing gear,  
No feather-bed, nor e'en a pillow bier!  
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,  
And weighing, more or less, some *thirty* stone:

Upon the North coast by chance we caught him,  
And hither, in a broad-wheel waggon, brought  
him;  
For in a chaise, the variet ne'er could enter,  
And no mail-coach, on such a fare would venture;  
Blest with unwieldiness, at least, his size  
Will favour find in every critic's eyes.  
And should his humour, and his mimic art,  
Bear due proportion to his outward part,  
As once 'twas said of Macklin in the Jew,  
*This is the very Falstaff Shakspeare drew;*  
To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,  
Should you approve, you may command his stay,  
To lie—and swagger here—another day.  
If not, to better men he'll leave his sack,  
And go—as ballast—in a collier, back

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### LORD BYRON.

THE following anecdotes of Lord Byron are copied from a very interesting little work, just published, entitled "*A Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, in the year 1821; compiled from Minutes made during the Voyage by the Passengers, and Extracts from the Journal of his Lordship's Yacht, Maseppa, kept by Captain Benson, R.N., commander.*"

#### LORD BYRON IN A STORM.—SHIP- WRECK.

SAILORS say, that a calm always precedes a storm; and we had reason to give into such presentiments, for the next morning the wind, which had blown from the south-west, with a light gale, suddenly changed to the opposite point of the compass, and came down with sweeping vengeance.

We close reefed our sails, and made all snug; the captain and Captain F——n declaring we should have to encounter a strong "Levanter," all our efforts were strained to double the head-land, and get into the gulf of St. Fiorenzo, but in vain; so that a whole day was spent in tacking and veering, to close in with the land, to no purpose.

Sea-sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen "on their beam ends;" Count P——, Mr. Denzell, and the amiable orphan, St. F——, were also overcome, and the whole were bed-ridden. The sun set angrily, and the wind, veering more to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore to our utter dismay. The elegant Falconer says, in his unrivalled poem—

"Ah! were it mine with tuncful Maro's art,  
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,  
Then too severely taught by cruel fate  
To share in all the evils I relate,  
How might I with unequal'd strains deplore  
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore."

These horrors we were doomed to experience: we reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead appeared as if ready to dispart the vessel, and bury us in the waves which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His Lordship, with Capt. F——, Doctor Peto, and Percy S——, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our company; a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety, all hands, after being revived with a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty; the long boat was then released from her lashings, and, as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck; our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was seen apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the storm, and the sailors, with true Italian superstition, pronounced it "St. Peter's watch-light" to show us to the grave: indeed, we were all inclined to think it foreboded no good, as the Captain (Benson) informed us that there was no light-house on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the land to see a light so plainly. We soon saw the high mountains, and would have been

"Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,  
A safe accession to that barren shore."

The captain, who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us, so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly a-head, and had no hopes of being able to weather them. Capt. F——n coincided in this opinion, to which his Lordship said, "Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear." Dr. Peto counted his rosary, and kissed his crucifix with fervent devotion on his knee.

Percy S——, who heretofore made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appeal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridi-



cule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being, whose existence he affected to disbelieve. Thus

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

The horrors surrounding us were too appalling for human nature to contemplate without shuddering, for

"In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore  
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;  
In vain they'd teach us with our latest breath,  
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.  
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,  
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold."

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they did. Captain F——n and Captain Benson took the helm; his lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent-box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, "Is there any chance?" to which he was answered, "None whatever." "Then," said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavour to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows—but as children, when tired with crying, sink placidly to repose—we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier; and with God's blessing, we shall soon be at rest."

His Lordship then threw off every thing but his trousers, and binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waited, in tranquil resignation, his fate. Percy S—— lay at his feet in a state of insensibility. His Lordship looked down upon him, and ejaculated "Poor fellow." Doctor Peto had covered his head with his cloak, and was stretched at full length groaning in bitter anguish.

Captain F——n was removing some dollars from his coat into the pocket of his small clothes, which his Lordship observing, smiled and said, "F——n, do you mean that as a ballast to sink you sooner, or as a bribe to Neptune to give you a good birth in his watery palace." The sea was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and as it broke upon the rocks the crash struck the ear, as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his Lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had power to view it; but

The heart that bleeds with sorrow, all its own,  
Forgets the pangs of friendship to be moan.

The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the lee-bow when Captain Benson remarked to his Lordship, "Our only chance is to put away a point before the wind, or we are sure to go broadside into the surf and perish at once." "As you like," said his Lordship, raising his head and looking upon the danger; he then resumed his former position.

A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the doctor, who instantly sank to rise no more.

His Lordship exclaimed, "Good God," and at the moment the vessel rose upon a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers, that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence, as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. "We are safe," exclaimed Captains F——n and Benson; "jump, men, from the yards, and make sail;" this they did with tumultuous joy, which his Lordship checked, and told them, "Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation." He then went below, and bringing up a bottle, bade every one drink, himself pledging them. Percy S—— was removed in a state of stupor to his bed; his Lordship comforted those below with assurances of safety, and the vessel was laid to, under "snug canvas," in the mouth of the Gulf of Saint Fiorenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea upon which the vessel rose was the means of her preservation; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed; but the sea carried her safe over at a moment when every hope, but that of immortality, was gone.

The vessel now rose smoothly, and the hour of eight being arrived, all the party were enabled to sit up and take coffee. The doctor was missed, and his loss occasioned sincere regret; not that he had left a memory behind him either to be beloved or lamented.

He was a selfish, cold, and unfriendly Venetian, and his only recommendation to his Lordship was the reputation of his skill, which was much overrated.

Percy S—— had recovered from his fits of fear, and came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb. His Lordship repeated, as he shook him by the hand,

"Cowards die many times before their death,  
The valiant never taste of death but once."

"Ah," exclaimed the reclaimed infidel, "I have tasted so much of the bitterness of death, that I shall in future entertain doubts of my own creed." A glass of rum and water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking, thankless dog as ever; thus verifying the old dictum,

The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be—  
The devil got well—the devil a monk was he.

As there was a thick fog in the air, Mr. Benson resolved to lay to until it cleared away, and we all began to prepare for a good dinner; our cabin guests during the storm had each of them a fine echo in the stomach, and we who had been rocked upon deck had acquired an appetite for any thing but a gale of wind.

All our fresh stock had been washed overboard; hen and turkey coops, dove cages, and even the filtering-stones for the water, which his Lordship highly valued, were carried away in the flood. There were, however, preserved luxuries of other kinds; portable meats, preserves, &c., and we had an excellent cook; whilst he provided dinner we all bathed, (for in the rear of the cabin were two convenient marble baths,) and then dressed ourselves.

Our dinner was a happy one; the glass went briskly round; his Lordship was in great spirits; he threatened to compose an elegy on the death and resurrection of Percy S—, and the Countess said she would set his "dying speech" to music, and dedicate it to the spirit of the storm. During these happy moments, so quietly did things move upon deck, that we imagined ourselves under sail, when Captain Benson came down and informed his Lordship the vessel was safe at anchor in Martello Bay, five miles from the town of St. Fiorenzo. *Ibid.*

#### A CORSICAN BISHOP.

PASCAL PAOLI (a descendant of the great general) is about forty years old, stout and robust in his person, and of agreeable conversation and manners: his dress had neither lawn sleeves nor silk gown to grace it; to begin at the summit—he wore his own dark hair, cropped short—a red silk cravat tied loosely round his neck; a shirt without a frill, fastened by a black brooch in front; a green waistcoat and green coat, wanting collars, with gold buttons: a pair of black velvet breeches; strong brown leather gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes; over his shoulder he had a leather shot-pouch, suspended to which was an ivory-handled dagger or knife, calculated either to take or prolong life, as the Corsicans use the same instrument for killing and eating;

his attendant, a ragged, bare-legged, and bare-footed urchin, employed to carry his gun, and a brace of pointers, a bull dog, and two greyhounds were also in his retinue. Such was the canonical state in which the bishop of St. Fiorenzo appeared.

As every bishop has a patron saint, Lord Byron requested the name of his, in order to toast him in a bumper, which was done to St. Benedict; his Lordship remarked, "I should think, father, if you had the power of choosing a saint suited to your fancy, you would have deified Nimrod, who was 'a mighty hunter on the face of the earth.'" Father Paoli laughed heartily, and said he loved the chase above every thing but his duty to God, and offered to be our pioneer in the sports of the field, assuring us there were three things in his diocese he could never reduce nor tame—wild boars, wild men, and wild women. *Ibid.*

#### ANECDOTE OF EARL ST. VINCENT.

IN the year 1796 Corsica was evacuated by the British, St. Fiorenzo being the last post they held on the island.

The French had taken possession of the town and batteries, and all communication with the shore was suspended. The combined French and Spanish fleets of forty sail were in the offing, preparing to attack the British, of thirteen sail, at anchor in the bay.

Sir John Jervis had information that they meant to attack him by day-light on the following morning; so as soon as it was dark, he dispatched some light vessels of no use, to endeavour to escape by the eastward; they were seen by the enemy, who gave them chase, and thus separated their fleet. He then fastened a boat with a light suspended to the mast-head, at every buoy belonging to his ships, on board of which every light was carefully extinguished; and getting under sail, passed out of the gulf and clear of the enemy's fleet undiscovered; for whilst part of them were engaged pursuing the light vessels Sir John Jervis had sent as a decoy, the others were watching the lights in the bay, which they imagined to be those of the British fleet; and only when they bore down to make a certain conquest at day-light discovered the trick that had deceived them. *Ibid.*

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### PROJECTS AND COMPANIES.

SOME were condensing air into a dry tangible substance by extracting the nitre,

and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering.

*Gulliver's Travels.*

A nation's wealth that overflows  
Will sometimes in its course disclose  
Fantastical contortions:

'Tis like the rising of the Nile,  
Which fats the soil, but breeds the while  
Strange monsters and abortions.

Better our superfluous waste  
In peaceful schemes, how'er misplaced,  
Than war and its abuses;  
But better still if we could guide,  
And limit the Pactolian tide  
To salutary uses.

Our sires, poor ambitious folks!  
Had but an individual hoax,  
A single South-sea bubble;  
Each province our delusion shares,  
From Poyais down to Buenos-Ayres,—  
To count them is a trouble.

Giving them gold that's ready made,  
We wisely look to be repaid  
By help of Watt and Boulton;  
Who from their mines, by patent pumps,  
Will raise up ore, and lumps, and dumps,  
Whence sovereigns may be molten!

Others, the dupes of Ferdinand,  
By royal rascality trepann'd,  
Find all their treasure vanish;  
Leaving a warning to the rash,  
That the best way to keep their cash  
Is not to touch the Spanish.

Some, urged by Christian zeal, will play  
The Jew with Greeks, if proper pay  
And interest they propose us;  
Or, an old debtor to befriend,  
Will to insolvent Francis lend  
The money that he owes us.

Gilded by Eldorado dreams,  
No wonder if our foreign schemes  
Assume a tinge romantic;  
But e'en at home, beneath our eyes,  
What *ignis fatui* arise,  
Extravagant and antic!

Bridges of iron, stone, and wood,  
Not only, Thames, bestrides thy flood,  
As if thou wert a rannel,  
But terraces must clog thy shore,  
While underneath thy bed we bore  
A subterranean tunnel.

Nay, that our citizens may not,  
As heretofore, in seasons hot,  
To bathing places run down,  
Presto behold a company  
Which undertakes to bring the sea  
Full gallop up to London.

Theirs the true English thought—a tank  
For peers, with those of meaner rank  
Disclaiming all connection;  
Knights of the Bath! together lave,  
'Tis the best way, perchance, to save  
Plebeians from infection.

One sapient speculator, big  
With crazy projects, bids us dig  
New streets beneath the present,  
That we may saunter undismay'd  
By freeman's pickaxe, yeoman's spade,  
Or pipes and plugs unpleasant.

With each new moon new bubbles rise,  
Each as it fits before our eyes  
Its predecessor quashing:  
Ah! at their rivals freely throw  
Their dirt, to which we doubtless owe  
The company for washing.

Male laundresses! how grand to see  
Your treasurer, chairman, deputy,  
And Moabite directors,  
All in the suds, and some in doubts  
What charge to make for children's cloths  
And nether-end protectors.

This, bending o'er the tub, directs  
The wash, the starch and blue inspects,  
The waste of soap denounces:  
That ferrets unextracted dirt,  
Or shows what irons to insert  
In ladies' pucker'd founcens.

Away with the insidious plan,  
Which urges all engrossing man  
To rob his female neighbour!  
Already are the means too few,  
By which our virtuous poor pursue  
The path of honest labour.

These are but weeds: the rich manure  
Of overflowing wealth is sure  
To generate the thistle:—  
They who would learn his nobler use,  
May Pope's majestic lines peruse,  
That close his Fourth Epistle.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE YSSAOOIS.

[Extract from a letter from M. Delaporte, French Vice-Consul at Tangiers, to M. de Sacy, dated 3rd Sept. 1833.—*Journal Asiatique.*]

THE YSSAOOIS form here a species of congregation, the members of which are spread over all Africa, and even extend to Asia. I have found them in all my journeys, wherever there are serpents, scorpions, or other noxious animals. They replace the ancient Psylli. The chief of the order resides at the Quinez, and the brotherhood draw their name, not from *Yssa*, Jesus, son of Mary, but from an African named *Yssa*, or *Seidben-Yssa*, its founder. The Yssaouis enchant serpents, take scorpions into their hands, and suck the poison of these animals. They enter into ecstasies, by dint of repeating what they call *Jadaba tagdoob*, the name of God, with a howling voice, making great and frequent contortions, and going to the right and left, backwards and forwards. In their ecstasy they foam, turn of a purple colour, and lose, or seem to lose, their senses. They have, however, prudence enough to spare their fellows, and especially the soldiers, who attend them in the different processions they hold at different times of the year—commonly during the feasts of Ramadan, the sacrifice, and the Mohammedan Christmas (the author probably alludes to the Mevlod, or birth-day of Mahomed). Woe to any Christians, or more particularly Jews, who may fall in their way: they are sadly treated. I saw at Tripoli two French sailors who had their shoulders torn off by the lively embraces of two of these Yssaouis, in good humour; and they were fortunate to have got off so cheaply. If there are no Jews or Christians, they will attack fowls, cats, dogs,

asses, camels, not even despising carrion. The soldiers who attend them take care that none of the brothers, who might be a little too much of the Ysaacoids, escape from the procession. This community, which is purely religious, is divided into two branches, who fight with one another whenever they have an opportunity of so doing. That is nearly all that I know about them. *Monthly Magazine.*

#### LEADING-STRINGS MADE EASY.

\* Who is not governed by the word LED? \*  
MART. SCRIB.

ARE we not led in leading-strings,  
As through this world we trot?  
The ass and newly married man  
Are *bride-led*, are they not?

Our habits are diseased, in truth,  
And, lest we die and rot,  
Our pulse, by doctors sage and grave,  
Is *fee-led*—is it not?

The young, the aged, and the prime,  
Have leading features got:—  
A pack-horse and an old man, sure,  
Are *sad-led*,—are they not?

Subjects and things are held in power,  
Whatever their destin'd spot;  
For cats and dice, in spite of mice,  
Are *rat-led*,—are they not?

Let nobles shrink,—we find them out,  
In mansion, straw, or grot;  
For they, like swine, though dress'd so fine,  
Are *sty-led*,—are they not?

In fashion's circle, 'tis the same  
Attraction, chance, or lot:—  
A smart coquette and tinder-box  
Are *spark-led*,—are they not?

But I must not so far be led;  
A period is a dot:—  
A lover and a blunderer  
Are *grove-led*,—are they not?

Ho! for the chase, or *ornub-led* lips,  
The mouth's lid to a pot:—  
A race-horse and a frighten'd girl  
Are *start-led*,—are they not?

But hold—I draw my verses in,—  
Or you will answer—what!  
Readers, like bees, are fed by hums,  
And *hum-led*, are they not?

*Literary Chronicle.*

### Select Biography.

#### No. XIX.

#### MISS RANGLES,

##### THE CAMBRIAN MUSICAL PRODIGY.

MISS ELIZABETH RANGLES was born at Wrexham, in North Wales, on the 1st of August, 1800. Her father, who was organist of the church, was blind, and had been so since the age of three years: he lost his sight by the small-pox. His parents placed him under Parry, the celebrated Welsh harper, who was also blind, and he soon made great progress, and eventually became the very best lyrist of his day. Mr. Randles is mentioned in

Miss Seward's Poem of "Llangollen Vale." He had several children, but none of them betrayed any peculiar talent for music, except the youngest daughter, who, when she was but *sixteen months* old, would go to the piano-forte and endeavour to pick out a melody; but no particular notice was taken of this, until one morning, when Mr. Randles (being unwell) remained in bed rather later than usual, and heard some one in the adjoining room play the Blue Bells of Scotland; not very correctly, to be sure, but distinctly enough for him to recognise the melody immediately: he called out, thinking it was some of his elder children, for them to desist, when he was informed that it was Bessy who was playing. She was permitted to proceed, and she actually performed the air, by striking the various keys by the side of her tiny hand. In a very short period she could play several simple tunes, and so wonderfully quick was her ear, that when her father sounded any note with his voice, she would run to the instrument and touch it: *this she did long before she could speak.*

Mr. Randles became, of course, exceedingly fond of her, and regularly taught her the melody of *Ar hyd y nos*, or *The Livelong Night*, placing her left hand on the key-note. This appeared to delight her, yet she did not seem satisfied with one note; she endeavoured to strike others, so as to form a proper bass to the treble: her father, seeing this (as he used to say), took some pains with her, and she soon could play this, and several other little tunes, treble and bass, in a very correct manner. Nunn and Staunton's company of comedians was at Wrexham in the summer of 1802. Staunton, who had often heard the child play, requested that her father would permit her to perform an air on the stage for his benefit; Randles consented, and taught her the *Downfall* of Paris for her *debut* in public, which took place *before she was two years old!* The important night arrived, an instrument was prepared, and at the end of the play the Lilliputian minstrel was led on the stage by a little daughter of the manager: the applause from a crowded audience was commensurate with the novelty of the scene. Randles was sitting behind the scenes, and when he heard the plaudits of the audience, cried out, while tears trickled down his face, "I never regretted the loss of sight till this moment. Oh! what would I give to see my darling child." Bessy was placed at the instrument, with an apple on her right side, and a cake on her left, both of which she was to receive if she played well. She commenced, and, to the utter

astonishment of all present, performed the air with the greatest correctness, particularly the running passage in the third part; this she contrived to execute with the thumb and the side of her right hand, for her utmost stretch could not compass a fourth.

The interest which this exhibition created was intense: Sir W. W. Wynn, Lady Dungannon, Lady Cunliffe, in short, all the nobility and families of distinction in the neighbourhood, sent for our little Sappho to their mansions, where she both astonished and delighted them.

In the spring of 1803, Sir W. W. Wynn recommended that a concert should be performed at Wrexham for her benefit. The worthy baronet's suggestion was seconded by every person of consequence in the "Vale of Maelor;" but, in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Randles, it was postponed from time to time. The poor mother, however, requested that the concert should take place, foreseeing but little hopes of her recovery. Arrangements were accordingly made, under the direction of Parry, who resided at Wrexham. Meredith, the celebrated bass singer, and his daughter, from Liverpool, assisted on the occasion.

The room was crowded at an early hour, and the performance went off with the utmost *ecclat*, particularly that of the infant, who sung as well as played. Nothing could be more innocently interesting than her mode of singing the following line in the Blue Bells of Scotland:—

"He's gone to fight the French for King George  
upon the throne;"

which she used to lisp out thus:—

"He's don to fight de French for Ting George  
upon de fone."

It will naturally occur to every one, that the poor sick mother felt very anxious on the occasion; she appeared exceedingly agitated the whole of the day, and requested that her son might be sent to her after Bessy had made her *debut*; accordingly, between eight and nine o'clock, her son ran home to say, that his sister had been received with the greatest applause. The tidings, though good, were more than the affectionate mother could bear; she faintly said, "Thank God!" and never spoke again. This melancholy event was prudently not made known until the concert was over. It were difficult to describe the degree of interest which it created—a most wonderfully gifted child, left to the care of a blind father!

The progress that little Bess made was truly astonishing. Parry taught her the

notes and first rudiments of music, and she continued to improve so rapidly, and to perform with such execution, that her patrons proposed to introduce her to his Majesty George III. and the royal family; accordingly, when she was only just turned of three years and a half, she was brought to London, accompanied by her father and eldest sister.

The blind minstrel and his infant prodigy were introduced to their majesties and the princesses, who were highly delighted with their performance. The king presented the child with a hundred guineas! A circumstance occurred during the visit which ought to be recorded. The king went to Randles after he had played a Welsh air on the harp, and said, "Ah! blind, blind, who taught you to play?" "The late Mr. Parry, Sir Watkin William Wynn's harper, and please your majesty." "Hah! why, he was blind too. I remember him well: he and his son used to perform Handel's chorusses on two Welsh harps very finely before me, about thirty years ago." This anecdote will serve to corroborate many others which have been published of our late sovereign's retentive memory.

Shortly after this a public breakfast was given at Cumberland Gardens, for the benefit of Miss Randles; tickets (one guinea each) were to be had at Sir W. W. Wynn's house, in St. James's-square. The morning was very fine, and no less than five hundred persons of the first rank in the kingdom attended, and the child's performance was the admiration of every one. The profits of the breakfast, together with the various sums of money presented to Miss Randles, were vested in the funds, in the names of trustees, for her sole benefit; and in order to accumulate enough to defray the expenses of her education, it was recommended that she should perform at the principal provincial towns in the kingdom.

Her late majesty Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, took great interest in the welfare of the little minstrel: she was invited to pass a few days at Blackheath, where she was introduced to the Princess Charlotte, who soon became very much attached to her. One day, while amusing themselves in some innocent pastime, the Princess Charlotte said to Miss Randles, "Do you know that my grandfather is King of England, and my father is Prince of Wales?" "Well," quickly replied Bessy, "and my father is organist of Wrexham."

Having been furnished plentifully with letters of recommendation to all parts of the kingdom, Mr. Randles and his little prodigy, accompanied for a long period

by Mr. Parry, made a very extensive and profitable tour.

The Wandering Cambrians, as they were denominated, were exceedingly well received every where, and were invited to the nobility's mansions which were contiguous to the towns where they gave concerts.

Their performances were exceedingly entertaining and varied. Randles played the harp exquisitely; Eliza the piano-forte; Parry, alternately the flute, clarionet, and two and three flagelets. They sang songs, duets, and trios, particularly some harmonized Welsh melodies, in a very pleasing manner.

Miss Randles was improving daily, and, when only six years old, could play many of Dussek's brilliant sonatas, also sing several difficult duets, such as *Borne in yon blaze*, *The Butterfly*, *Together let us range the fields*, &c. &c. &c. Her taste and expression in playing an adagio were, in the opinion of professional men, the most extraordinary feature in her performance; and her sight reading was also very wonderful, so much so, that when trying over new music (that her father might select the best calculated for her), she used to talk and play away at the same time. Her father asked her one day, "How is it, Bessy, that you play that strange music, and yet talk all the while?" "Oh, father," said she, "I can see half the leaf at once!"

Early in 1808, she paid London another visit, where she was heartily welcomed by her early friends, and a concert was given for her benefit at the Honover-square Rooms, under the direction of the Honourable John Spencer. Madame Catalani, the Vaughans, Knyvets, Bianchi, Weichsell, Lindley, Kramer, Naldi, &c. &c., gave their powerful aid, gratuitously, on the occasion. Sir G. Smart conducted the performance. The room was crowded.

As Parry was desirous of residing in London, he could not accompany Mr. Randles and his daughter any longer; consequently they returned home, and Bessy began to learn the harp; her education was also properly attended to, and she was invited to pass a few weeks at the houses of various families of distinction alternately, where, mixing with polished society, she became a very clever, accomplished girl. Many offers were made to her father by different ladies of rank to adopt her as their own. The Princess of Wales, in particular, was very anxious to have her; but the poor dark father would not, nay, could not, part with her; she was the only solace of his life; she read to him, played for him,

sang to him; in short, he could not exist without her for any length of time.

Her performance on the piano-forte, when she was about fourteen years old, was quite masterly; she also became a proficient on the pedal harp; she likewise played the organ regularly at the church, and her extempore performance on that noble instrument, *à la Wesley*, was truly astonishing.

In 1818, she paid London a visit, with a view of taking a few lessons on the harp from Dixi, and on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and to see (as she expressed herself) whether she could find any thing new in the art. Both these celebrated professors paid her talents the highest compliment; Dixi in particular, after placing before her all the difficult pieces he could find, and hearing her execute them with the greatest facility, said, "Oh, oh, Miss, I must write expressly for you, I find."

About this time she was strongly urged by a select number of families at Liverpool, to make that town her residence, they engaging to find her as many pupils as she might feel disposed to accept: after many arguments, pro and con, with the poor father, who was grown very nervous and feeble, she was at length permitted to go, provided she came over every Saturday, and remained with him until the Monday. This she continued to do for a long time, though the distance by land and water was nearly twenty-five miles. We are now drawing to the close of poor Randles' "life's busy scene:" he breathed his last in the autumn of 1820, leaving three daughters and a son, the latter being organist of Holywell, in Flintshire.

After their affairs were arranged, the daughters removed to Liverpool, where they still remain, our interesting heroine being a welcome visitor at the houses of the most opulent inhabitants of that flourishing town.

*Dictionary of Musicians.*

## Miscellanies.

### WAX-WORK.

LEOPOLD, while Grand Duke of Tuscany, caused to be made, under the direction of Fontana, and exhibited in the Palace Torreggiano, at Florence, a series of anatomical sculptures in coloured wax, which have long amused the curious traveller, and instructed the medical student. In 1775, eight rooms, in 1794, twenty rooms, were filled with these imitations, which represented in every possible detail, and in each successive stage of degeneration, the organs of sense and reproduce.



tion, the muscular, the vascular, the nervous, and the bony system. They imitate equally well the form, and more exactly the colouring of nature, than injected preparations; and they have been employed to perpetuate many transient phenomena of disease, of which no other art could have made so lively a record. Cupids of wax are mentioned by Anacreon. Saints of wax were common in the middle ages. For portraiture in wax Andrea del Verrochio was famous, in the fifteenth century; but the first application of *ceroplastics* to anatomical science is due to Cajetaino Julio Zumbo, of Syracuse, born in 1656. Ercole Lelli, of Bologna, assisted by Manzollini and his wife, made the first public collection of wax modellings, systematically adapted to the instruction of surgeons and artists.

### CATERPILLARS.

LIEUT. HEBESTREIT, of Munich, has discovered the means of employing a kind of caterpillar in spinning a fine web, which is perfectly white and water-proof. With this web he lately constructed a balloon, which he inflated by burning spirits of wine under it, and which ascended in the large hall that serves as a workshop for his caterpillars. He can make them trace ciphers and figures in their web. For this purpose, he draws the outline of his design with spirits of wine, which the caterpillars avoid, and spin round it. A web, seven feet square, perfectly pure, and as brilliant as taffety, was the result of three weeks' labour of about five hundred caterpillars. This subject is not unworthy of the attention of natural philosophers, nor perhaps of that of the friends of agriculture and the arts.

### A RECEIPT TO MAKE A KISS.

FROM rose-buds yet unblown, whose vernal morn  
Perfumes the gale unconscious of a thorn,  
The purest purple take—and steal from May,  
The pearls that gem the lawn—whence springs  
the day;

Crop the young violet from her scented bed,  
And spoil the primrose of its velvet head;  
With love's own odours charg'd and steep'd in  
joy,

The honey'd labours of the hive employ,  
But search with care the aromatic worm,  
Lest danger in the sweet temptation lurk,  
And mar the hucious toll; for should'st thou  
leave

One sting behind, 'twould all thy hopes deceive.  
Into the fragrant mass let Zephyr's wing  
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring;  
The chirp of beauty's darling bird prepare,  
And mix the murmurs of the turtle there;  
Her smiles and graces Venus must inspire,  
And thence embalm the whole with cyprian dew.  
Now tell me shepherd in what happy grove  
Smells this fair bird of hope—this plant of love?  
On Laura's lips resides the nectar'd bliss,  
And lover's mould the rapture to a kiss.

### MONUMENT TO SHERIDAN'S FATHER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN St. Peter's Church, near Margate, is the following monumental inscription. I do not recollect seeing it noticed in any work.

Yours, respectfully, G.

Interred

near this spot, on the 21st of August, 1788, rest the mortal remains of  
Thomas Sheridan, Esq. A. M.

Author of Lectures on Education, delivered at the University of Oxford, and of divers other useful works;  
all tending

to enlighten and ameliorate mankind,

in

illustrating human nature upon the stage, the mirror he held was as true, as his private life was exemplary.

Indebted

nothing to favour, his professional celebrity was the meed of only his own merit.

He played his part with distinction as an actor; as a man he closed a long career without moral stain.

He was honoured in his descent and renowned in his issue:

his father

had to boast of the friendship of no less a name than

Jonathan Swift:

of whom the subject of this tribute published a pious, grateful, faithful biography.

His son

the immortalizer of their race  
the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan,

(besides having carried English eloquence in Parliament nearer to the standard of Athenian perfection than any,

even, of the mighty orators whom a rare coincidence had made his cotemporaries) adorned literature with such proofs of radiant genius as are sure

to live with the life, and to die only with the death of  
the British Drama.

This tablet is put in 1823, by a passenger through the Isle of Thanet, in admiration of the intellect, though a stranger to the blood, of the Sheridan family.

\* Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Never inscribes the marble with his name.\*

### CURIOUS EPITAPH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

STR.—Whilst remaining a short time with some friends in the village of Broom, passing one day through the

church-yard, my attention was attracted by a very antique wooden tombstone, on which was painted the following:—

God be Praise!  
Here is Mr. Dudley, senior,  
And Jane, his wife, also,  
Who whilst alive was his superior:  
But see what Death can do.  
Two of his sons also lies here,  
One Walter t'other Joe:  
They all of them went in the year  
1510 below.

Then in an obacure corner—"This stone was erected by NANCY DUDLY, *their aunt.*" I am, your's, &c.

G. PENFOLD.

#### WHITE BLOOD.—A STRATAGEM.

MR. G—T, a gentleman of fortune, residing in Portland Place, fell in love with the late Princess Charlotte of Wales; and so earnest was he to obtain her in marriage, that he became insane. His family and friends became alarmed for his personal safety; and fearful lest he should attempt suicide, placed him under the care of a physician, who directed, without loss of time, that he should be freely bled. To this, after repeated attempts, he would never accede. However, the pupil of one of the physicians hearing of the circumstance, hit upon an expedient, and engaged to bleed Mr. G. The plan was laid out, and Mr. G. introduced to the young gentleman, who stated he was the bearer of a message from the princess, and requested to see Mr. G. in private. No sooner was this information received, than the pupil was shewn up to the drawing-room. Mr. G. cautiously shut all doors, and with great impatience requested the stranger to divulge, without loss of time, what he had to say from the princess.

"Why you must know, sir," said he, "we must be particularly cautious. I am deputed by the princess to inform you, that she would give you her hand in marriage, but she is prohibited from so doing in consequence of the King, her father, being informed that you possess white blood in your veins, instead of red." "Good God!" exclaimed Mr. G., "if that is the case, pray let me be bled immediately, that her Royal Highness may be convinced to the contrary. He was bled, and recovered his mental faculties.

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*N. Otten.*

#### ON A MISER.

A RICH man's purse, a poor man's soul,  
Is thine,  
Starving thy body that thy heirs may  
dine.

#### EPIGRAM

##### ON THE WORD M'ADAMISED.

MEN—DED they call all M'Adamised  
roads,  
But M'Adamised soon will be applied to  
old clothes;  
Hereafter they'll say, if any friends are  
dead,  
My friends are M'Adamised, *alias men—*  
dead.

#### ON THE MOON

SWEET orb of night, thy silver ray  
Shines with a lovely light,  
Deriving from our source of day  
Thy glory of the night.  
Thy pow'r precious as thy light,  
Swells up the mighty sea;  
And nature deems it justly right,  
For earth doth uphold thee.

#### PORT OF LONDON.

It is stated that more ships sail from the port of London in a year, than from any other place in the world. It has been computed that the total amount of property shipped and unshipped in the port of London, in one year, amounts to nearly SEVENTY MILLIONS; and there are employed about 8,000 watermen in navigating wherries and crafts; 4,000 labourers, lading and unlading ships; 1,200 revenue officers, constantly doing duty; besides the crews of the several vessels, occupying a space of nearly five miles. On an average, there are 2,000 ships in the river and docks; together with 3,000 barges and other small craft employed in lading and unlading them; 2,300 barges engaged in the inland trade; and 3,000 wherries or small boats for passengers. The exports and imports employ about 4,000 ships; whilst the cargoes that annually enter the port are not less than 15,000.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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